

[At Summer's End](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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Summary:

Persephone returned home as evening fell.

It was what Nyx had asked of her, so that Night Incarnate may be the first one to welcome her home.

(Originally written for the Divinity Zine)

At Summer's End

Author's Note:

Hellooooo I am so excited to share with you the stuff I wrote for Divinity! Here's those good good moms having a romantic night in Persephone's cabin

Persephone returned home as evening fell.

It was what Nyx had asked of her, so that Night Incarnate may be the first one to welcome her home.

There was a chill in the air; Demeter had given the mortals spring, summer, and the grandest autumn harvest any had seen in years while her daughter spent time on Olympus. But now, winter was closing in again and the mortals feared another lengthy one.

Nyx would not mind an extended winter, if only for selfish reasons.

The area around the entrance to Hades was as frozen as always, but as Nyx neared the cottage where Persephone had spent her time while residing on the surface, the snow and ice gave way to a carpet of freshly-fallen leaves. Once, according to Zagreus, this place had been an eternal springtime. It obeyed the seasons more dutifully without Persephone's presence, although there were some spring and summer blossoms that supernaturally survived the autumn.

There was little time to look around the garden, though, not when Nyx could already hear footsteps coming up the path.

Persephone was dressed as if she had recently been wearing all the fineries of Olympus but had steadily removed all of the jewelry and ornamentation as she walked. She was down to a plain white dress, a little dusty at the hem from her journey, and she held a bag which gave a loud metallic clank as she dropped it onto the outdoor table in her garden. When she turned to face Nyx, she was reaching to unbind her hair.

"I didn't realize you would be arriving to greet me," she said, "else I would have kept all the adornments."

Nyx had been hovering perfectly still, in the sort of way that made her melt into the surrounding darkness to mortal eyes. Persephone, however, had probably noticed her presence before she even entered the garden.

"There's no need," she said, settling onto the ground and walking her way to Persephone. Her queen was small enough that it was easy for Nyx to reach up and remove the ornate golden hairpins that would allow Persephone's updo to come tumbling down into a single braid that hung over her shoulder. "I think this suits you better than Olympus does." Her hand lingered against Persephone's cheek.

Persephone leaned into her touch, a familiar form of contact that Nyx had not realized how deeply she had been craving until this moment. "I think most things suit me better than Olympus." Persephone set her hand over Nyx's, as if to keep it there, as if Nyx would ever consider removing it

except to pull her closer. "Stay with me a night, here, before I make my way down the river. I've missed my garden, and I have missed time with you without interruption by our duties to the House even more."

"Of course, my queen," she said, a wider-than-usual smile pulling at her lips. "You must know that is the reason I have come here."

Persephone squeezed her hand once before letting go. "I need not be queen of anything tonight, I think. Simply being yours will do."

"Then you shall be."

They did not enter the house immediately. Persephone had indeed been missing her garden, and she picked up a basket to fill with moonflower, jasmine, and lilac. Nyx had the job of holding the basket for her, which made Persephone smile with the kind of secret mirth she always held whenever she made one of the most powerful entities of the Underworld carry her garden basket for her.

When Nyx asked if Persephone came with any gossip from Olympus, Persephone only scoffed and said that of course she had, and it was all deeply uninteresting. Hera was in a rage because Zeus had been caught with another mortal woman, Artemis was refusing suitors and refusing to come up the mountain, Apollo had some quarrel with Eros that Persephone could not understand the details of mostly because she did not care to listen to them.

"Things are simpler down here," she sighed, setting another pile of fresh blossoms in the basket. "Although, Hermes tells me Zagreus is doing his best to complicate them."

"It isn't purposeful," Nyx said. She did not deny that Zagreus was complicating things in the Underworld, however.

"Did he truly reunite you with Chaos?" Persephone took the basket from her, carrying it into the house with Nyx following close behind.

"He did, yes." She had to duck down as they entered the door, even though she was not floating. "In these sorts of things, he reminds me of you." In all sorts of things, really. Nyx doted on the boy for the same reason Hades couldn't stand to look at him—it was impossible not to see Persephone's grace and charm in him.

"In that he gets up to trouble in other people's business, you mean," she said, and was not wrong there, either.

The inside of Persephone's cottage was simple, but tidy and well-cared-for, and looked like the sort of place in which one didn't simply exist, but lived. In the Underworld, every surface was hard—gems, stone and metal. Even Persephone's wooden furniture had soft edges now, having been lived in for so many years that it had been worn smooth. Her bed was one of the only luxuries here, an overstuffed mattress draped in sheets and blankets of the same off-white she often wore, piled high with pillows and adorned with flowering vines that twined around the bedposts.

She sat on the edge of the bed, her basket of flowers placed neatly on her lap. "Don't hover in the doorway, Nyx, I assure you there is nothing special to look at over there."

"And is there something to look at over here?" Nyx asked, floating to Persephone's side, settling herself on the bed gently. A sweet scent floated in the air around the bed; whether it was from the vines or the basket or Persephone herself, Nyx could not tell.

"Probably, yes." Persephone made a motion with her hand, urging Nyx to turn around, and Nyx understood then what Persephone meant to do.

Her hands worked carefully but quickly to undo Nyx's usual formal hairstyle and remove her jewelry, setting her various adornments on the window-sill next to the bed, leaving her in only her gown. Instead of all the gold and jewels, Persephone wove blossoms into Nyx's hair instead, until the perfume of them became almost overwhelming. This was something they had done when Persephone originally made her home in the Underworld, an act of frivolousness that Nyx had never imagined participating in until Persephone asked.

There were a lot of frivolous things Nyx would indulge in, when Persephone asked.

"These ones look much nicer in your hair," Persephone said, clearly referring to the way that the garnet-red pomegranate blossoms of the Underworld did not match Nyx's complexion nor her sense of style. She now realized that Persephone had chosen these flowers for their coloring.

"The pomegranate blossoms always suited you better," Nyx agreed. She inclined her head so that Persephone could better reach, allowing her eyes to close and her mind to focus on Persephone's hands. She was gentle but not delicate, her hands a little rough from her work in the garden. As a goddess, she could likely be free of calluses if she wanted, but Persephone had told Nyx before that she liked the sign that she did something with her free time.

Nyx, personally, liked Persephone's calluses for the feel of them against her skin.

There was a time when Nyx thought she would never feel Persephone's hands on her again, would never be able to hold her, only gaze upon her in portraits. It had been easier, then, to keep from imagining being with her again, to instead treasure the memories of their past and know that, no matter how much she may have wanted it, there was no future to be had for them.

This time, in Persephone's absence, Nyx had only been able to think of their reunion. And such thoughts had been particularly compelling whenever she remembered what Persephone's hands felt like on her.

Persephone fell into a silence as she worked, which was not out of the ordinary for them—easy and comfortable, existing in one space. It did mean, however, that there was nothing to distract Nyx from the way Persephone was carefully inching closer to her at every moment. By the time she'd braided all the flowers in the basket into Nyx's hair, her knees

pressed against Nyx's thighs, and it would take only the slightest movement for Nyx to allow her body to lean fully against Persephone's.

Nyx did not relax into Persephone's touch, having found herself frozen the way she'd been the first time Persephone admitted attraction to her. Ancient and all-powerful as Night Incarnate may have been, she was as helpless as any mortal struck by Eros' power.

Persephone, gracious as always, made up for Nyx's hesitation by pressing forward with enough steadiness that Nyx had to wonder if anything ever gave her pause.

"I miss a lot of things about the Underworld whilst I am up there," she said, her voice a mere whisper, because she was close enough that she did not have to speak any louder. "But, more than anything, I miss the way the night feels."

"I was not aware you'd mastered the art of telling time in the Underworld." Nyx, an eternal being of ether and stardust, did not need such things as oxygen, but her breath still hitched when Persephone's hand rested, with all possible perceived innocence, on her thigh.

"I miss the way the *Night* feels," Persephone repeated, her emphasis a little more forward.

How was it, Nyx wondered, that Persephone made Night itself tremble before her?

This was how, of course:

Her warm, callused, gardener's hands held onto Nyx's hips as though Nyx was as fragile as the flower petals woven into her hair, grip steadily tightening because Nyx was not a delicate blossom. Her voice, gentle and sweet, told Nyx she was lovelier than all the flowers, leaving Nyx helpless but to blush.

Persephone's mouth, even sweeter, became newly acquainted with all the sensitive places along the side of Nyx's neck.

Nyx used to carry around Persephone's infant son and wonder if his entire being was so warm because of the bright-burning fire at his soles. She'd known, even then, though, that it was not a trait inherited from his father—aside from his feet, Hades was as chilly to the touch as any of the Chthonic gods. Persephone was where all of the warmth in the Underworld came from.

Strange, that such heat would make Nyx shiver.

"I like how you are after it's been a long time," Persephone admitted, her hands traveling up Nyx's belly and over her breasts, finally encountering bare skin at the neckline of her gown. "It's as if you're freshly innocent, like your body has forgotten how it is to be touched this way."

It had been even more so the first time they had been together after Persephone had originally left the Underworld. For a long time, Nyx had been unable to do anything but hold her, more than that making her anxious and unstable.

“You know that you are the only one,” she said.

“I know.” Persephone’s hands found the skull-shaped pins that held up the top of Nyx’s gown, and she did not need to look to undo them.

Unpinned, the fabric of her dress pooled around her waist, baring her top half to the cool autumn air and, more importantly, to Persephone’s warm hands.

Said hands were not finished with their work. Persephone reached for the place where one half of Nyx’s dress overlapped the other, pulling until her gown was spread open entirely, functionally just another blanket on Persephone’s bed. Nyx, completely bare now, lay her head back on Persephone’s shoulder, and could smell the perfume of the blossoms Persephone had woven into her hair even stronger now, as their petals were crushed against her lover’s skin.

“I have missed *this*.” Her hands stroked over Nyx’s thighs, moving closer to the apex of them with every pass. “And you have missed this too, I see.” She noted this because she finally slipped her fingers between Nyx’s legs, felt the slickness there, heard the way Nyx gave a gentle gasp as Persephone’s capable fingers spread her.

“Of course I have missed this,” she said. “But oh, do move yourself to somewhere you can kiss me.”

Persephone's answering giggle was almost girlish, something Nyx remembered from when Persephone had first taken up residence in the Underworld. Time had made her more mature but she kept a youthfulness about her that Nyx adored, and she brought out such things in Nyx as well. She obligingly scooted around to Nyx's side, not without taking Nyx by the shoulders and bowling her over onto her back before giving her the kiss she'd been wanting.

Persephone's mouth was even warmer than her hands, and she did not kiss Nyx with the slow hesitation of their first reunion, as if she was unsure whether she would be welcomed back into her arms. Instead, she kissed Nyx like she knew what her lover wanted, like she knew exactly how hungry she was for it because she felt entirely the same.

Nyx soon became irritated by the fact that Persephone was the only one who remained dressed and attempted to pull her clothes off, but unlike Persephone, she was not as practiced at doing this blindly. It took a few tries and some assistance on Persephone's behalf, but eventually her dress was tossed over the side of the bed. Persephone, still laughing, tugged at Nyx until bare skin was pressed against bare skin, Persephone's thigh insistently between Nyx's own.

"Did you think of me, whilst I was gone?" Persephone asked her, still close enough that Nyx could feel her lips moving as she spoke.

"Of course I thought of you, you know I did." Nyx had, admittedly, thought of little else. At times she had been jealous of the Olympians, taking Persephone back after Nyx had so little time to spend with her. At times, she had been afraid that Demeter would not want to release Persephone as summer drew to a close.

At times, Nyx had simply wanted to feel the weight of Persephone leaning against her. She'd wanted the sweet softness of Persephone's lips against her own, the firm pressure of Persephone's fingers against her, inside her, the taste of Persephone on her lips. She'd wanted to submerge herself in the goddess of verdure, to devote herself only to Persephone's pleasure.

"Did you think of this?" Persephone asked, pushing her knee insistently forward, guiding Nyx to grind against her thigh. She was already aroused enough to leave some slickness there.

"Of course," Nyx said again.

"You know," Persephone said, her hand going between her own legs, only briefly because Nyx immediately moved to replace it with her own, allowing Persephone to grind against the heel of her hand, "I could hardly get a moment alone for this without Aphrodite poking her head in, giggling and asking what I was up to, as if she knew not what she was interrupting."

Nyx did not say anything in response, having occupied herself with kissing Persephone's neck, leaving stains of her plum-colored lipstick here. Persephone needed no prompting to continue, however.

"As you can imagine, because of this, I've found myself quite worked up. Needing you so desperately, Nyx."

"What would you have me do?" Nyx asked her, the words spoken against Persephone's skin. "I will give you anything."

Persephone delicately lifted Nyx's chin with just the barest brush of her fingertips, laying another soft series of kisses over Nyx's lips before saying, "I haven't been able to stop thinking about your mouth."

"What a coincidence," Nyx replied, "I haven't been able to stop thinking of how you taste."

Persephone giggled again as Nyx helped her lie back on the bed, placing feather-light kisses along her hips and thighs. She was always unashamed about her pleasure like this, hooking her feet over Nyx's shoulders to pull her in, rocking against her tongue. Nyx had been truthful when she admitted to missing Persephone's taste, and made her way about satiating that desire immediately and entirely. Ambrosia had nothing on her lover, she thought, running her tongue along the folds of Persephone's cunt and listening to her resulting ecstasy. Against the coolness of night that always blanketed Nyx's skin, Persephone felt hot, her warmth addictive.

Desperate for more, Nyx pressed her tongue more firmly into that heat, and did not miss the way Persephone's thighs shook. Persephone's hand reached to stroke through Nyx's hair, and Nyx could feel the way the flowers that had been woven into it, though they were cut, grew to greet Persephone's fingers. Her pleasure, as always, was a creative force.

The heavy perfume of the flowers wasn't so overwhelming when Nyx had her senses filled with Persephone too. Persephone's fingers tangled with the flower petals in Nyx's hair, although there was no need to hold her steady. She wasn't going to move until she felt Persephone come, the bloom of her pleasure reaching its peak.

Of course, Nyx's own pleasure was a force of nature. A subtler one, to the eye, but she knew Persephone could feel the darkness caressing every inch of her skin, even where Nyx's hands could not reach. By extension, Nyx could feel everywhere the night touched Persephone as if it were skin against skin. By way of the darkness she controlled, she felt the arch of Persephone's back, the tangle of her fists as they left Nyx's hair to clutch at the sheets. She felt the way Persephone's heels dug into the mattress as she thrust her hips forward into Nyx's touch, the way her hair came loose from its braid as her head tossed.

The pace of her heart, the shape of her lips, the curve of her neck—the darkness felt it all and Nyx felt it too.

Persephone never lasted long beneath this full-body pleasure, especially not when it had been so long since they'd last experienced one another. But this was one thing Nyx would not allow the darkness, this extension of herself, to do on her behalf.

She tugged all the power that had been flowing around Persephone back into herself, and noticed that, upon return, it felt warmer, as if Persephone's warmth had seeped into the night. She heard Persephone sigh as the

darkness left her skin, knew it felt good even after it was gone. Persephone had described it as a sort of buzzing against her skin.

But Nyx did not need the extent of her powers to make Persephone come. This could be accomplished with her physical body alone, with a stroke of her tongue spreading Persephone's cunt to make way for two fingers, pressed deep enough to feel her spasm around them. She worked over Persephone's clit as she curled her fingers, and when she opened her eyes to observe what she could of the goddess above her, she also saw the vines around Persephone's bedposts sprouting bright pink roses, the color a near-perfect match to the flush of Persephone's skin.

She came with a cry of Nyx's name and a shower of rose petals.

"Oh," she sighed after, pulling one of the petals out of Nyx's hair as the curtain of it fell across her bare skin, Nyx leaning in to kiss a line up between her breasts. "That was wonderful. It always is, but after so long..."

"I know," Nyx said, already pressing herself closer, riding Persephone's thigh as Persephone pulled her into another kiss. It was as if Nyx's lips were that much more enticing once all her lipstick had rubbed off from kissing Persephone and attending to her pleasure.

"Let me take care of you," Persephone said. "What would you like?"

"Anything," Nyx said. Even just the pressure of Persephone's thigh between her legs would be enough, the slide already wet enough to be easy.

"Here, then," Persephone said, hands on Nyx's hips, urging her up. She had been with Persephone enough to know what she was asking for, and she lifted herself up, hovering slightly above Persephone to give her a better position for her hand.

And now, Nyx was reminded in another level of depth how much she appreciated Persephone's calluses.

Persephone had one arm around her shoulders, holding her close so that she did not forget herself and float away. It kept Nyx within range for Persephone to kiss her and whisper sweetness to her, her face tucked into the crook of Nyx's neck. She had her middle two fingers buried to the knuckle, her wrist moving so that the heel of her hand rubbed against Nyx's clit. Nyx had no leverage with which to rock against her, hung in midair as she was, but she would not need it. Persephone did not tease her, knew she was far past that.

Nyx came while Persephone kissed her *ferociously*, dropping her weight back down so that she rocked through the last overwhelming pulses of her orgasm pressed fully against Persephone, close enough that she felt the two of them might meld and become one being for a time.

The only thing that could entice Nyx into pulling away was the fact that she got to look at Persephone's face.

She was smiling, her braid having come mostly undone and her hair more askew than usual, flower petals tangled up in it both from the flowers Nyx

was crowned with and the ones that had bloomed all over the bed. Like this, her godhood was most obvious, life and springtime in everything she was, even in the chill of the autumn breeze coming through her window.

When dawn arrived, Nyx would take Persephone's hand and lead her to the river. As they entered the Underworld, the surface above would turn icy behind them, yet another winter enclosing upon the mortal world.

Nyx hoped this winter would be a long one.

Author's Note:

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